

TO THE
PRINCE
OF
ORANGE,

Upon the opening of the

Campagne, 1684



LONDON,

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1721 71. R. N.

Illuſtrious Sir, among the numerous Vows
Of Loyal Hearts, which your Juſt Cauſe eſpouſe,
Who think you are the preſent Ages prop,
And from you all their future Bleſſings hope!
Forgive that Zeal, which by no Penſion hir'd,
No Malice arm'd, no Faction's Rage inspir'd,
Inſtructs an *Engliſh* Muſe this harmleſs way,
Hers, and the Nations wiſhes to Convey.
Nor thoſe alone ſhe brings you, for no leſs
Then *Europe's* Fate depends on your Succeſs.
All Nations from the calm *Atlantique* ſhore,
To thoſe cold Climes, where the Sun ſhines no more:
The *Thames*, the *Moſe*, the *Tagus*, and the *Rhine*,
Whoſe diſtant Streams their common Int'reſts join,
In ſuppliant manner from your Arms implore,
That laſting Peace you only can reſtore.
(For Leagues with *France* of Force no longer are,
Than till their Intereſt perſwades a War.)
Urge then your Fortune, on brave Prince, advance
Your Sword into the Heart of trembling *France*..

And:

And to their lov'd Monarch make it clear,
 How ill his Falshood serves to prop his Fear,
 If Valiant *Orange* in the Field appear.
 Then at full ease your Peaceful Uncle may
 Enjoy the Fruits of that Successful Day,
 Which yields his Nephew, after all his Toils,
 A glorious Triumph, and unenvy'd Spoils.
 Then shall the *Brittish*, and the *Belgick* Fleet,
 No Rival in their common Mistress meet,
 But with united Force by Sea, and Land,
 The Trade, and Riches of the World Command.
 The ancient *Rhine* from her *French* Fetters freed,
 No more in vain shall see her Children bleed,
 But with just Fury push her Vict'ries home
 Against the other Foe of *Christendom*.
 Then frighted *Italy* may to sloth return,
 Their Gardens, and their Palaces adorn,
 Sav'd by that Heroe, whose Belief they scorn.
Spain then may breathe again, nor fear, that she
 Shall, as in Ages past, imprison'd be
 Between the *Pyrenæans*, and the Sea.
 But having heal'd her Wounds, again grow bold,
 And fetch from th' *Indies* more destructive Gold.

These Benefits, and greater, we believe,
 Europe will from your Conqu'ring hand receive.
 Nor doubt, Great Sir, but the Presage is true,
 For Faithless *France* intirely to subdue,
 Fate ever has reserv'd for *Cæsar*, and for You.

FINIS.

